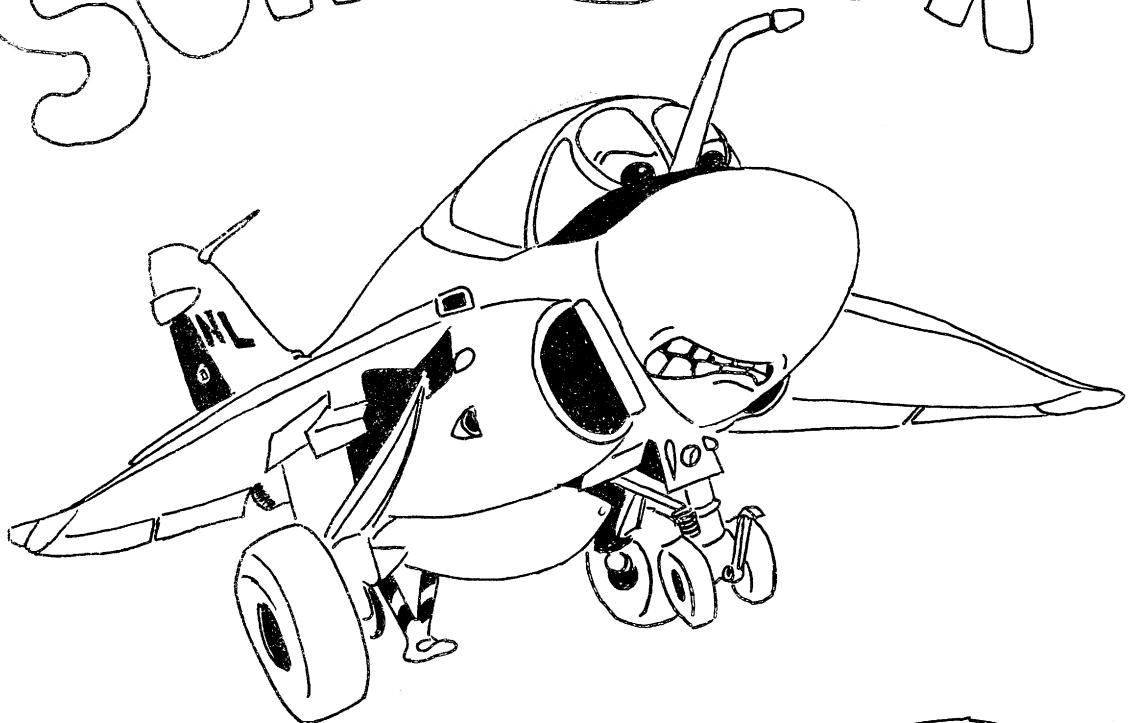


VMA (AW) 224 SONGBOOK



USS CORAL SEA
WEST PAC 1971-72

SONG BOOK

Compiled aboard USS CORAL SEA

WEST PAC CRUISE 1971-72

The songs in this collection come from many and varied colorful backgrounds. If they have one thing in common it is that they are enjoyed by "Men of the Sky". A word of CAUTION: Everything in this world has a time and place. Be discrete in where these songs are sung. Remember, the Skipper gets a letter of reprimand everytime we say a four-letter word in the club. But, as the wise old sage once said, "A letter of reprimand is better than no mail at all." Happy singing!

NUMERICAL LISTING

1. THE UNITED STATES MARINES
2. MOVIN' ON
3. THE SHIP CORAL SEA
4. I LOVE MY WIFE
5. THIS STICK OF MINE
6. SAMMY SMALL
7. THE INTRUDER BATTLE HYMN
8. SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION)
9. FIGHTER FUKE
10. NAPALM ALWAYS STICKS TO HIPPIES
11. KILL V.C. FOR CHRIST
12. AG LAMENT
13. CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY
14. OLD NUMBER NINE
15. CUTS AND GUTS
16. I WANTED WINGS
17. GLORY, GLORY MARTIN-BAKER
18. CALL OUT THE CORPS
19. NELLY DARLING
20. OUR COLONEL
21. GEE, BUT I WANT TO GO HOME
22. SALLY
23. ADELINE SCHMIDT
24. HORSE SHIT
25. SHIT HOT FROM KORAT
26. MARY ANN BARNES
27. THE GREAT BLOODY WHEEL
28. NO BALLS AT ALL

ALPHABETICAL LISTING

- A6 LAMENT.....12
- ADELINE SCHMIDT.....23
- CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.....13
- CALL OUT THE CORPS.....18
- CUTS AND GUTS.....15
- FIGHTER FUKE.....9
- GEE, BUT I WANT TO GO HOME.....21
- GLORY, GLORY MARTIN-BAKER.....17
- GREAT BLOODY WHEEL, THE.....27
- HORSE SHIT.....24
- I LOVE MY WIFE.....4
- INTRUDER BATTLE HYMN, THE.....7
- I WANTED WINGS.....16
- KILL V.C. FOR CHRIST.....11
- MARY ANN BARNES.....26
- MOVIN' ON.....2
- NAPALM ALWAYS STICKS TO HIPPIES.....10
- NELLY DARLING.....19
- NO BALLS AT ALL.....28
- OLD NUMBER NINE.....14
- OUR COLONEL.....20
- SALLY.....22
- SAMMY SMALL.....6
- SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION).....8
- SHIT HOT FROM KORAT.....25
- SHIP CORAL SEA, THE.....3
- THIS STICK OF MINE.....5
- UNITED STATES MARINES, THE.....1

THE UNITED STATES MARINES (1)

Who held the frigging place that they called Khe Sanh,
That they called Khe Sanh, that they called Khe Sanh,
Who held the frigging place, while the generals all saved face...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!

Who bombed out power plants in downtown Hanoi,
In downtown Hanoi, in downtown Hanoi,
Who bombed out power plants, while the Air Force shit their pants...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!

Who took it up their asses down in Haiphong,
Down in Haiphong, down in Haiphong.
Who took it up their asses, while the Navy watched through glasses...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!

Who led the bloody slaughter in Hue City,
In Hue City, in Hue City.
Who led the bloody slaughter, while old Johnson walked on water...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!

Who found it bloody going on armed recce's,
On armed recce's, on armed recce's.
Who found it bloody going, while the Tech Reps raked the dough in...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!

And when it's almost done in Southeast Asia,
In Southeast Asia, in Southeast Asia,
They said, "It's so much fun", so frig 'em all but one...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!

MOVIN' ON (2)

I can see the blip of an NVA truck, Ho Chi's driver doesn't give a fuck;
He's movin' on, he'll soon be gone;
He's burnin' gas, he's haulin' ass, he's movin' on.

Good old truck movin' down the track, thinks he's safe with a little bit of flak;
He's movin' on, he'll soon be gone;
When we catch old Ho Chi's man he'll be movin' on.

Here come the trucks movin' through the pass, 37's shootin' at our A6's ass;
We're movin' on, We'll soon be gone;
Honey bucket's turned over in the road, we're movin' on.

The old trucker thought that he'd get through, 'til we socked his ass with a Rockeye II;
He's movin' on, He'll soon be gone;
He crashed and burned, 'fore he hit the turn, he's movin' on.

The old flak sites were feelin' mean, 'til we stitched their ass with our big machine;
We're movin' on, We'll soon be gone;
We start to stitch and they really bitch, we're movin' on.

Oh, the Lord above was eatin' beans, that's how He made US Marines;
We're movin' on, We'll soon be gone;
They say we smell, but we fight like Hell, we're movin' on.

THE SHIP CORAL SEA (3)

We come on the ship CORAL SEA,
My B/N and me,
Around Olongapo town we did roam,
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight;
Now I feel so break-up;
I want to go bomb,

Hoist up the CORAL SEA anchor,
To Yankee Station let's go;
Call Captain Harris aboard,
I want to go bomb.
I want to go bomb,
I want to go kill,
Lord, I feel so break-up;
I want to go kill.

The Air Boss he got tanked,
The flight schedule it got canxed;
The Cat Officer had to put his
shuttles away.
I want to go bomb,
I want to go kill;
Lord, I feel so break-up;
I want to go kill.

"Creature-Feature" is our CAG,
He's got it all in one bag;
He displays a "sense of urgency",
coming aboard.
Don't want to divert,
My feet in the dirt.
Lord, I feel so break-up;
I want to look good.

O'er Tchepone they hose our tits,
They really give us the shits;
The 37's try to blast our
assholes away.
I want to go bomb,
I want to go kill;
Lord, I feel so break-up;
I want to go kill.

I LOVE MY WIFE (4)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly.
I love the hole that she pisses through.
I love her tits, tiddly-its, tiddly-its
And her nut-brown asshole.
I'd eat her shit - gobble, gobble,
Chomp, chomp
With a rusty spoon,

THIS STICK OF MINE (5)

I keep a close watch on this stick of mine,
I keep my eyes wide open all the time;
He lets the ball go red most all the time,
He'll kill us both, that stick of mine.

I keep a close watch on this blip of mine,
He keeps his head in the boot most all the time;
He lets those MIGs come sneaking up behind,
He'll kill us both, that blip of mine.

I find it very, very easy to get trapped,
By the Barrel and his quiet line of Crap;
He calls for "attitude" when the ball is low,
He'll kill us all, that LSO.

SAMMY SMALL (6)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
They say I shot him dead
With a piece of fucking lead
Through his silly fucking head
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
For his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do
So, fuck 'em all.

(Softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuckin' 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuckin' 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
I stood up and yelled out loud "FUCK 'EM ALL!!!"

THE INTRUDER BATTLE HYMN (7)

We fly our Intruders at ten-thousand fucking feet,
We fly our Intruders through the rain and snow and sleet,
And though we think we're flying south, we're flying fucking north.
And we made our fucking landfall on the Firth of fucking Forth!

CHORUS: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
On the Firth of fucking Forth! (insert last line of each verse)

We fly those Intruders at fuck all thousand feet,
We fly those Intruders through the trees and corn and wheat,
Though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck,
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those Intruders at ten-thousand fucking feet,
We fly those Intruders through the rain and snow and sleet,
And though we think we're flying up, we're flying fucking down,
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION) (8)

Oh, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
Oh, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
Oh, the RHINOS fly the plane
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again,
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink,
Tricky Dick's a goddamn fink,
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed Mu Gia pass, Fuck 'em all
Oh, we bombed Mu Gia pass, Fuck 'em all
Oh, we bombed Mu Gia pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So, fuck 'em all

Oh, we're on an Alpha Strike, Fuck 'em all
Oh, we're on an Alpha Strike, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing,
So, fuck 'em all,

Oh, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
Oh, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
Oh, we bombed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every fucking girl and boy,
What a goddamn fucking joy!
So, fuck 'em all,

Oh, our bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
Oh, our bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
Oh, our bird it did get shot,
And I think we'll cry a lot,
But I think that it's Shit Hot!
So, fuck 'em all.

While we're swinging in our chutes, Fuck 'em all
While we're hanging in our chutes, Fuck 'em all
While We're tangled in our chutes
Comes these silly fucking toots
Hangs some medals on our roots
So...FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

FIGHTER PUKE (9)

CHORUS:

A6 crews are a special breed,
Drop the bombs when you have the need;
When you're backed up against the wall,
Heavy Haulers, you call - we haul.

I'm not one to complain a lot,
But I think it's sure unfair;
For Phantoms to get the glory
And us not to get our share.

I'd rather be a garbage man
Than to be a fighter puke,
They get lost most every time
They're shot off in the soup.

CHORUS

One-Eleven thinks they're good
And so does Fifty-One,
But you'd better call GREEN RHINO
If you want the job to be done.

The A6 is big and ugly,
This we surely know;
But we get trucks in the dark of night,
Charlie Carr can tell you so,

'Cause he'd rather be a garbage man
Than to be a fighter puke.
They get lost most every time,
They're shot off in the soup,

CHORUS

Devil Houston and Bobby Pearl,
Think the Phantom is where it's at.
But when we're out gettin' our tits
hosed off -
They're still sittin' on the Cat.

CHORUS

NAPALM ALWAYS STICKS TO HIPPIES (10)

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
Napalm will always stick to hippies;
Every time I drop it from my plane,
I don't ever have to worry,
Look at them "crispy critters" scurry;
Every time I nape them from my plane.

I don't mean to sound too crass,
But you should see it burn their ass;
Every time I drop it from my plane,
Napalm surely does the trick -
When you bomb for "Tricky Dick";
Every time you nape them from your plane

KILL V.C. FOR CHRIST (11)

Kill V.C. for Christ,
Kill V.C. for Christ,
Get your shit together,
Kill V.C. for Christ!

Rape the little girls,
Kill the little boys,
Get your shit together,
Multiply your joys.

Bomb Hanoi today.
Make the Commies pay.
We are all so happy,
To kill V.C. today!

A6 LAMENT (12)

Can we have your jackets A6 flight crews?
Can we have them for our very own?
They're so neat and pretty with those patches.
Can we have them for our very own?

Can we have your sweethearts in San Francisco?
Can we have them for our very own?
Their skirts were well above their navels.
Can we have them for our very own?

Can we have your stereo equipment?
Can we have it for our very own?
Can we have your tape collection also?
Can we have it for our very own?

CHORUS: That plane will break in two if they should hit you.
You can't fly, without a wing or two.
It's not the fall that hurts you, they say...
It's the stop that ruins your whole day.

Can we borrow ten dollars from the pilot?
It's a debt we'll not likely repay.
Can we borrow twenty dollars from the B/N?
Can we keep it for our very own?

Can we have your jackets A6 flight crews?
Can we have them for our very own?
They're so neat and pretty with those patches.
Can we have them for our very own?

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY (13)

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey
Friday I put me hand upon it
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey.

Call out the army and the navy
Call out the rank and file
Call out the royal territorials
They face danger with a smile
Call out the boys of the old brigade
That made old England free
You can call out me mother
Me sister and me brother
But for God's sake don't
Call me, Gor Blimey

CHORUS: I don't want to join the army
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
The Picadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady
Don't want a bullet up me arse hole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather be in England
In jolly, jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away.

OLD NUMBER NINE (14)

"Twas a dark and stormy night, not a star was there in sight;
All the A6A's were tied down to the line,
When two lonely volunteers, stood in shit up to their ears;
They'd orders to fly old number nine!

"Though their backs were wracked with pain, as they climbed into the plane;
Lonely tears were forming in their eyes,
They offered up a prayer as they climbed up in the air;
They knew this would be their night to die.

As they flew o'er old Mu Gia, they let loose a bomb or three-a;
And they figgured they ought to call it quits,
But how were they to know, that they'd fly so frigging low;
That the bomb-blast would blow their plane to bits!

In the wreckage they were found, thinly spread around the ground;
The Grunts, they raised their weary heads,
With their lifetimes almost spent, here's the message that they sent:
To the buddies who'd be sad to see them dead:

"We used electrical delay, but it didn't work that way;
An A6 sans a tail doesn't fly.
Tell the Skipper now for me, he's got only 43;
He can roll up the ladder, Semper Fi!"

CUTS AND GUTS (15)

Other pilots fly off the big carriers, Air Force pilots aren't seen over the sea.
But we're in the lousey Marine Corps, and we're on the DAMN CORAL SEA!

CHORUS:

Cuts and Guts, Cuts and Guts, The guys that make carriers are nuts - are nuts!
Cuts and Guts, Cuts and Guts, the guys that make carriers are nuts!

The "Big E" has thousand foot runways, the CORAL nine hundred and ten;
You'd still not have much of a carrier, with two of ours laid end to end!

CHORUS

Our catapult shots are so hairy, our catapult gear is red hot;
It never goes off when you're ready, it always goes off when you're not!

CHORUS

We envy they boys on the big ones, we'd trade in a minute or two;
'Cause we'd like to see those poor bastards, try doing the things that we do!

CHORUS

Some day when this fracas is over, and back at El Toro we'll be;
We'll load up with two-thousand pounders, and we'll sink the GODDAMN CORAL SEA!

CHORUS

I wanted wings, 'til I got the GODDAMN things;
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die;
I've had a belly full of war.

You can save the 57's for someone who hopes for heaven;
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster!
I wanted wings, 'til I got the GODDAMN things;
Now I don't want them any more.

Yes, I'll take the dames, let the rest go down in flames;
I have no desire to be burned,
Guided Missiles hold romance, 'til they shoot holes in your pants;
I'm not a fighter I have learned.

You can save the GODDAMN truckers for some other mother-fuckers;
I'd rather make a woman than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster!
I wanted wings, 'til I got the GODDAMN things;
Now I don't want them any more.

I am tired of all the tricks, in an "Iron Bird" A6;
That's for the eager, not for me.
I don't trust in my vest, to save me like the rest:
After I've crashed into the sea,

I'd rather be a terrier, than a flyer off a carrier;
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep your GODDAMN throttle, Buster!
I wanted wings, 'til I got the GODDAMN things;
Now I don't want them any more.

I'd rather date a pig than to hassle with a MIG;
SAM's always make me lose my lunch.
I get an urge to pray, when they holler, "SAM'S AWAY!"
I'd rather be at home with all the bunch.

For there's nothing you can laugh off, when they shoot your tailpipe half-off;
Oh, I'd rather be home Buster, with my tail than with a Cluster, Buster!
I wanted wings, 'til I got the GODDAMN things;
Now I don't want them any more.

They feed us lousey chow, but we stay alive somehow;
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.
The rumor has it next, they'll be dehydrating sex;
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through.

For I've managed all the dangers and the shooting back of strangers;
But when I come home at night, I want my women straight, Buster!
I wanted wings, 'til I got the GODDAMN things;
Now I don't want them any more.

"Is everybody ready?" said the CO to his men;
 Our heroes couldn't answer, so he asked them once again.
 Then they put them in a plane, that was never meant to fly;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, Martin-Baker,
 Glory, Glory, Martin-Baker,
 Glory, Glory, Martin-Baker,
 And they ain't gonna fly no more.

They offered up a fervent prayer, their voices no longer mute;
 They felt the wind a-whistling through their helmets and their suits.
 Then suddenly the silk spilled out and wrapped around their boots;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS

The lines were snarled around their necks, Koch fittings in their ear;
 The risers wrapped around their legs, the ground was getting near.
 The wind that whistled in their ears, became a nasty roar;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS

The happy days of childhood kept a-running through their minds;
 They thought about the girls back home, the girls they left behind.
 They thought about the corpsmen, they wondered what they'd find;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS

Then suddenly they hit the ground, they made an awful splat;
 The corpsmen heard the impact, they wondered, "What was that?"
 Their boots went through their seat-pan - right up through their hats;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS

The ambulance came screaming by, the siren loudly wailed;
 The corpsmen ran with happy shrieks to where the messes bailed.
 For it had been at least a week since any seat had failed;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS

Well, they poured them on the table 'til the Chaplain came around;
 And he said some words of comfort to those wet and sticky mounds.
 Then they poured them in a bottle and sunk them under ground;
 And they ain't gonna fly no more...

CHORUS

CALL OUT THE CORPS (18)

Oh, once I was happy, I had a fine home;
Johnson then called me and soon I was gone;
Was off to old Asia, it's not very far;
It's just Civic Action, it isn't a war!

CHORUS:

Don't call out the Army, don't call out the Navy,
Don't call out the Air Force;
JUST CALL OUT THE CORPS!

I visited the Army, some fightin' to see;
I thought that those heroes would show it to me.
Alas, "though I listened so close for the word;
"To the rear march, with track shoes", was all that I heard!

CHORUS

Well, I visited the line south of the DMZ;
And thousands of VC were all I could see.
The Marines on the ground were all holding their own;
The ARVN around them were runnin' for home!

CHORUS

We flew our Marine nuts off in old Viet Nam;
But the state-side newspapers tell it this way to Mom:
"The B-fifty-twos have done it again!"
It's back to the doghouse, Gyrene flying men!

CHORUS

So all you civilians, just heed these grim words;
They say, we hunt headlines, but that's chicken turds.
When you're in trouble and you shit in your jeans;
The first ones you call are the US Marines!

CHORUS

NELLY DARLING (19)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy.
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

OUR COLONEL. (20)

Old Colonel Standley used to own a grocery store;
He used to hang his meat out on the smoke house door.
And all the little children would look at him and shout:
"Hey Colonel Standley, your PORK is hanging out!"

GEE, BUT I WANT TO GO HOME (21)

CHORUS:

I don't want no more of the US Marines,
Gee, but I want to go,
Right back to Quantico,
Gee, but I want to go home.

They say when you're in the Air Wing, promotions are mighty poor;
I'm still a Damn Lieutenant, who's been in over four.

CHORUS

The flight suits that they give us, they say are sure to fit;
We walk along the flight line and look like a sack of shit.

CHORUS

The Majors that they send us stand up to the worst;
You find them every weekend, shacked up with a nurse.

CHORUS

The flight boots that they give us, they say are mighty fine;
You need a number seven, they give you number nine.

CHORUS

The airplanes that they give us, they say are mighty fine;
Well how in the Hell should I know, I've never flown in mine.

CHORUS

They say if you're in the Marine Corps, that you're the very best;
Well, they can take the fighting and we'll go take a rest.

CHORUS

SALLY (22)

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

There was a young maiden
named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor
'cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine
wrapped up in a glass,
Up went the window
and out went her ass.

CHORUS

It was brown, brown
shit falling down,
Brown, brown
shit all around.
It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
My God how that
poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper
was walking his beat.
He happened to be
on that side of the street.
He looked up so bashful,
he looked up so shy,
When a piece of brown shit
hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper
he cussed and he swore.
He called that young maiden
a dirty old whore.
And on Brooklyn Bridge
you can still see him sit.
With a sign 'round his neck
saying, "Blinded by Shit".

It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
Brown, brown,
shit all around.
It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
His life it was ruined
by shit, shit, shit, shit.

There was a pilot of great reknown,
There was a pilot of great reknown,
There was a pilot of great reknown,
Until he fucked a girl from our town.
Fucked a girl from our town,
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
And then he twisted out her maidenhead.
Twisted out her maidenhead,
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
And he shoved it in clear up to there.
Shoved it in clear up to there,
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
And then he missed her cunt and split the stump.
Missed her cunt and split the stump,
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on the dewy grass,
He laid her on the dewy grass,
He laid her on the dewy grass,
And then he shoved the old boy up her ass.
Shoved the old boy up her ass,
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
And then he fucked her until she died.
Fucked the girl until she died.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
And thought he'd have another round.
Thought he'd have another round.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit -- HORSE SHIT.

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT (25)

When this base opened and all things were new,
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht".
"I 'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."

CHORUS

It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway.
That's what the jocks of Korat always say.
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

A very young jock that first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot.
But still couldn't tie the marital knot
To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She's good in a hammock but better in bed,
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said.
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay on her rack.
They never forgot that dirty old twat,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

With F-4C crews she never had trouble
Once she learned how to take them on double.
Though it was daylight it bothered her not,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

When she met the Weasels she shure had the knack,
One in the front and the other in back,
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

MARY ANN BARNES (26)

Mary Ann Barnes was queen of all the acrobats.
She could do tricks that would give your dog the shits.
She could roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Do a double flip and catch 'em on her tits.
She was a great big sonofabitch, twice as big as me,
She had hair on her ass thick as branches on a tree.
She could run, fight, fart, fuck,
Fly a plane and drive a truck.
That's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me -- HEY!

THE GREAT BLOODY WHEEL (27)

A Marine once told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied,
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel --
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel --
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough. I'm satisfied."

But now we come to the bitter bit.
There was no way of stopping it.
She was split from her ass to her tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

NO BALLS AT ALL (28)

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box,
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

CHORUS: No balls at all, No balls at all,
A very short peter
And no balls at all,

The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, his pecker was small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker, his pecker was small.
I reached for his balls, he has no balls at all.

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad,
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice,
And found the results exceedingly nice,
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

